# Poems by Clint Parkhurst

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T. W. Bradshaw

Chicago. 1873

I present from Clint the Author
his classmate and seat-mate in school
until one morning in 1862 he was
missing. He had enlisted, and the 16th Iowa
was one bright young soldier richer,
and the school room one student less.
We were both full of patriotism, and the
waving banners & rattling drums had been too
enticing for him. My chum gone, I rested
no more until a short time after I over

found myself in Co. "C" 2nd Iowa Cavalry, marching under the flag of Hatch and the Union. Clint—old Boy—was with in the ranks on the bloody field of Shiloh. What was left of the old 16th stood their ground when support on right & left had fallen back, and ~~they~~ from ~~the~~ that ragged edge of battle, they went to that more dreadful hell of the Confederacy called "Andersonville".

# POEMS

BY

*CLINT PARKHURST*

OF IOWA

CHICAGO:
THE WESTERN NEWS COMPANY.
1874.

TO

The Surviving Private Soldiers

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

BY ONE WHO SHARED THEIR VICISSITUDES

AND GLORIES.

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*ON THE WING.*



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*PROSE.*

# POETRY.

## *THE BARBARIAN.*

"Money, money, money makes the man."—PINDAR.

I.

WHERE e'er he turned he found deceit
Concealed in smiles to soon betray,
And Shame he found in Honor's seat,
And Vice in Virtue's chaste array.
He found Religion but a veil
To screen the vile from honest scorn,—
A giant Fraud, from Terror born,
To plunder on colossal scale,
And sway the herd like serfs forlorn.
He found that Falsehood reigned supreme;
That Justice was a poet's dream
That faded fast to empty air

Beneath Corruption's gorgon glare ;
And where Integrity should wait,
Rank thieves he found installed in state.
He could not bow at Power's call,
Or kneel where Manhood bid him stand ;
He could not cringe, and delve, and crawl
For senseless gold from Favor's hand,
And yet he found that swollen Wealth
Could win what Genius could not gain ;
That bays were snatched by coward Stealth,
Where manly Force would strive in vain ;
He saw Pretension seize the place
That sterling Merit scarce could hold,
And saw the world join in a chase —
A frantic chase — for only gold.
And gold, he saw, ruled over all,
Bought men as dealers buy their slaves,
Prepared the way for Beauty's fall,
Or cheated prisons of their knaves ;
Atoned for any crime or blot,
Made right whatever once was wrong,
Set Law and Decency at naught,
And made the hoary lecher strong.

And Society, he fiercely found,
Set everywhere its hated bound
To beat him back; there was no round
That he might tread that did not lead
To insult, slander, hate, and greed.
That he was base they could not plead;
That he had robbed, or that his creed
Conflicted with the Law's command;
That he had raised a lustful hand
At Innocence in hour of need,
Or that Weakness had within his snare
Been stricken down to perish there,
And he had mocked to see it bleed —
That he had wrought some murder grim.
They could not say these things of him.
His crime was worse a thousand fold —
He had no hoarded heaps of gold.
His vengeful soul in rage rebelled,
And bitter as a cynic grey,
He cursed a world that only held
Such hypocrites and beasts of prey.

II.

The deep woods heard his axe's stroke,
His own strong arms laid low the oak,
He shaped his logs, he cleared the spot,
He reared alone his ample cot,
He broke the sod, with easy speed
He scattered wide the yellow seed,
He covered well — his task was done,
He left the rest to rain and sun,
For farther toil there was no need.

He was no serf his strength to waste
From morning red to evening chaste,
Subservient to Wealth's decree.
There was no king more truly free,
More safe from tyranny than he.
Where was the wretch dare bid him rise
Ere dawn had tinged the eastern skies,
To drudge in pain that knaves might feast,
Might have their pageantry increased,
Might bask in dissipation's blaze
Through noisy nights and idle days,

And flaunt their robes from hall to den
Before the eyes of better men?
Where were the lips that dared command,
Or dared, with insolence of speech,
Oppression's sophistry to preach
Within the aisles so broad and grand
That girt his home with boundless reach,
Green canopied by God's own hand?
Ah! none were there — the land, the air,
The woods, the game, were Heaven's care;
The teeming fruits, the waters clear,
That shone and glistened far and near,
Were free for him to take or spare.
The blue smoke curled above his roof,
His lounging dogs kept vigils true,
The savage beasts prowled far aloof,
Or frightened fled his wild haloo.
The flowers bloomed for him to view,
The grasses sprung to bear his tread,
And catch the freshness of the dew;
The birds that chorused sweet o'erhead
His very step and presence knew.
He was a king, his realm was fair,

He feared no plots of baffled foes,
His crown contained no thorn of care,
His throne was pleasure and repose.

## *PAULINE.*

"The world treats me like a Pariah," said Beethoven gloomily.

YOU seem so sad when half alone.
When you do not deem me nigh,
You bow your weary head and sigh,
As though some shadow you deny
Across your path were thrown.
You have some grief you will not own.
Your red lips speak in joyous tone,
Yet in your very smile I see
Some evil things that should not be —
Some subtle signs you seek to hide —
The haughtiness of wounded pride,
And bitterness with pain allied.
Sometimes the slightest things you say,
Seem darkened by some mystic doom.

Sometimes your lightest words convey
A nameless sense of weighty gloom
That jesting will not drive away;
And ever when your wit 's in play,
You well nigh mar your morning bloom,
Such keen, sarcastic things you say.

You need not speak — you cannot screen
What duller eyes than mine have seen;
Too palpable to any gaze
The deadly bane of your young days.
God gave to you a matchless frame,
Symmetric as the poets claim
Fair Venus had when earth was new;
He gave to you such glorious eyes,
I first beheld them with surprise,
And wondered if some wayward queen
Arrayed in this your vesture mean,
Did not wander in disguise.
A thousand charms he gave to you
As lavish as the falling dew,
With passions strong, and ruddy health,
And pride that scarcely bends by stealth,

And grandly beautified the whole
By moulding faultlessly thy soul,
Yet did not crown his gifts with wealth.

Think you he blessed you by such grace?
In all his givings can you trace
The semblance of a motive kind?
Cast away your teachings blind,
And question with undaunted mind.
Fair as the stars of Fashion's sphere,
Lo! you sit unhonored here.
Who comes to pay you homage chaste,
Pleading for smiles with eager haste,
Hour by hour the tale to repeat
Of life-long love's delusions sweet—
Strewing his wealth around your feet,
Counting as naught its royal waste
So you bid him no more entreat,
Smile assent to his ardent claim,
Yield your beauties to be embraced,
And your hand for his gems aflame,
And haughtily wear his name?

None come; but when you idly dream
Beside your lattice, too wrapt to seem
Observant of the throngs you view,
Vile lechers fix their gaze on you,
As they lounge past, fresh from their lairs,
And ponder on what common snares
May best suffice to work your ill.
They leer upon you, foul with lust,
Until their red eyes feast their fill,
And gorge you with disgust.
You cannot move for lurking foes;
The dreary shadow of repose
That Fate yet leaves you they would slay.
They weave their toils around your way
As hunters cast their nets for prey.
Their smiles are false, their words are lies,
The honeyed things they sometimes say
Are Hell's suggestions in disguise;
There are no fiends more base than they—
Your abject ruin is their prize.
Such is the fruit your beauty bears;
It girds you round about with snares.

Not so does Fortune deal with all.
Others to sumptuous homes are born;
On pleasant paths their footsteps fall
From the first flush of childhood's morn
Till the autumn of their stormless days
Fades out like sunset's dying blaze.
Life to them is all in all.
Affection girds them like a wall,
And ready at their languid call
Are all the joys that mortals win
From love, and luxury, and sin.
They have a surfeit of the bliss
For which you starve — what they reject,
If yours, e'en in a den like this,
Would make your glowing eyes reflect
So deep a joy from out your soul
That I might read them like a scroll,
And tell you, ere you spake a word,
That not in vain had been deferred
Your thousand hopes — that not in vain
Had Vice's baubles been forsworn,
Or poverty and secret pain
With iron fortitude been borne.

Yet such, alas! is not to be.
Vex not your soul with airy schemes —
In vain you build your gorgeous dreams —
You cannot alter Fate's decree.

A man can rise, if born obscure —
Can summon courage to endure
The world's rebuffs, and wrench the heel
Of Poverty from off his neck —
Can rear his fortunes from the wreck
Of others' hopes, and fiercely feel
A thrill of vengeance in their woe,
And in the stern strife a lofty glow
Of exultation and of pride
That hurls Adversity aside,
And conquers, step by step, a way
Through adverse Fortune's thick array
Of bitter woes, to all he craves
That Gold confers or Honor yields.
His very anguish swiftly paves
The rugged way to grandest fields,
Lending a vigor to his blows
That only desperation knows.

All before him are his foes.
With haughty rage he scorns repose,
And strikes as though his fierce strokes fell,
Not alone to reach his goal,
But for the very jewel of his soul —
For life itself — for if he fail,
Not heartless crowds will hear his wail;
The grave will close his gloomy tale,
And desert winds will sing his knell —
He will perish or prevail.
Thus nerved, he wrests away his prize.
But woman born to station low,
Though fair as Juno, and as wise
As Pallas chaste, can never rise.
Her dreary option lies
Between the hovel and the hell.

You were not moulded to delight
Some craven beast of loud command
And sudden rage, whose brutal hand
Would be more often raised to smite
Than stretched in toil for thine and thee;
Whose reeking home would only be

A prison loathed, where toil and tears
Would wear away the dragging years,
And sickness, misery and pain,
And pinching want alone would reign.
You would not wish with pangs to bear
Fair children from his loathed embrace,
To see them pine and wither there,
Or thrive in discord and disgrace,
Foredoomed in after years to rot
In brothel beds and prison cells.
Abhor indeed your present lot,
But even Hell has deeper hells.
Far better should you perish now,
Fall ere another sun shall rise,
With beauty throned upon your brow,
And Heaven's light within your eyes,
And warm within your purple veins
The blood of youth, and on your cheek
The florid freshness of the rose,
Than wear accursed the galling chains
That love and poverty impose.
Say rather lust — ah! do not speak
To me of love — there is no kind

That ghastly selfishness can find
No portal wide to enter in;
There is no kind unstained by sin,
Unmantled by a garb of shame,
Or worthy of the price or name.

Yet deem not Vice, so fair to view,
The maze of joy it seems to you.
Would you know the harlot's round?
She treads on burning ground.
Gaunt Horror beards her face to face,
Before her yawns a gulf of wrath,
Behind, a desolated path
Her feet can never more retrace.
Not one pure joy remains her own.
Diseased, degraded, and defiled,
She moves through all the world alone,
Abhorred, detested, and reviled.
Her game is death — she slays for bread.
The beauty God first formed her in
Tempts madly to her cursed bed,
Bewildered with the sweets of sin,
The loved, the fair, the strong, the bold —

She clasps them in her deadly fold,
And while her serpent lips reply
To kisses hot, and while she twines
Her velvet arms, like poisoned vines,
Around their frames, drowned in delights,
They feel not when her venom smites.
With secret smile she hears them sigh,
She sends them forth — anon to die.
This is her trade — it is to kill;
She cannot change it if she will.
She was not spared, why should she spare?
Who taught to her Pollution's snare?
Let none declare
The canting tale of Pity's lie.
Let censure sleep.
Does God restrain the wrathful gales
Because a shattered vessel sails
Upon the deep?
Does he withhold the wasteful rain,
At day's high noon,
Because the fields with leveled grain
Are thickly strewn?
Turns he away the lava tide,

That hisses down the mountain side,
Because a city blocks its course?
When he unchains the whirlwind's force,
Cares he what ills to us betide?
When such as he deign not to spare,
Why should a ruined wretch forbear?

You start — I thought you scarce could know
The ample fullness of your woe.
These things, to you, are deeply strange,
Their drift you do not comprehend;
I see your cheek's soft color change,
And its pink and crimson blend
With ashy white; it seems to burn,
E'en when most pale, with a vague heat
As though your pulse with fever beat.
Much yet, fair girl, have you to learn.

Of you I dreamed — half drunk you reeled
At night along the crowded pave;
The glare of myriad lights revealed
Your haggard lineaments, and gave
Their ghastly outlines such a mien

Of hideous woe, I thought the grave
Might well have snatched you from the scene
As one rebelling from Death's sleep.
Your swollen eyes refused to weep,
And yet your bitter soul o'erflowed
With galling griefs; doomed to reap
The baleful harvest you had sowed,
You staggered on. Men passed you by
With mocking jests or laughter rude;
The pure shunned you; every eye,
With touch of pity unsubdued,
Stared heartless insolence and scorn.
Crushed, abashed, maddened, spurned, forlorn,
The loathsome wreck of former days,
You stole from out the street's red blaze
And crouched where deepest night had fled,
Shamed e'en when shame itself was dead.

Ah, sweet Pauline, you cannot guess
The horrors of a woman's fall.
There is no language can express
The anguish and wild wretchedness
That ceaselessly her soul appall.

Her revel bowl is brimmed with gall;
It cannot quench her deep despair.
The roses twined amid her hair
The odors of the grave exhale;
The hollow mirth she seems to share
But mocks her spirit's inward wail,
And spectres stalk amidst the air
While loud her merriments prevail.

What wild, lone path to you remains,
Where neither Penury enchains
With fetters cold, nor Shame's hot breath
Scathes the broad road that winds to death?
Rise on your nature, fierce to rend,
Bid every tender instinct bend
To god-like Reason's iron sway;
Bid every warm impulse be bred
To cold distrust or hate instead.
Brand Friendship but a lying snare;
Crush Love and Pity ere they bear
Their sweet but unavailing fruit.
For foes and treachery prepare.
In Man behold a lustful brute

Whose fading spark of fire divine
Through clogging passion scarce can shine;
Know earth a ruthless battle-ground
Where Might and Wrong are ever found
Allied against the crushed and weak;
Henceforward let your fair lips speak
But cold, calm words, nor deign to seek
That sympathy your sex e'er craves,
Which won, transforms them all to slaves;
Dream not of peace, hope not to gain
A single joy for all your pain;
Undaunted by the baser crowd,
Untainted by Corruption's gold,
Unloving and unloved, stern, proud,
Chaste, indomitable and bold,
Selfish, untempted and unsold,
Impervious pursue your way.

## *LOST ON THE BORDER.*

I.

FAR down the woods the black night fell,
The restless lightnings blazed and flashed,
And strewed the skies with hues of Hell,
Or through the moaning forest crashed,
Scathing their way through tangled shades,
Cleaving the oaks like lindens frail,
Rebounding from their burning raids
And dying on the roaring gale.
The angry thunders surged and rolled
Like volleys from contending gods,
The rains swept down in torrents cold
And bowed the trees like trembling rods.
The scared deer hid in dripping dells,
The panther ceased his hungry yells
And slunk within his jungled lair;
The wolves fled frantic in the glare

That smote the earth and deluged air,
And all fierce things ignored their prey
Since chaos seemed resuming sway.

II.

* * * * * *

Her throat was spanned with chains of gold.
Rich jewels flashed in brilliance cold
Upon her hands of faultless shape;
Her limbs were of exquisite mould,
Nor could their symmetry escape
His searching and excited gaze,
For, as she lolled within the blaze,
In free and tempting attitude,
Her garments drenched clung close around
A figure where Perfection found
Itself in mortal flesh renewed.
Disheveled o'er her snowy breast,
Or round her shoulders' perfect lines,
Like thunder clouds along the west
When low the sun in setting shines,
Her dense black locks in masses streamed,

Wet with the strong tornado's breath.
Thick hedging in a face that beamed
With light and love, as saints have dreamed
The pure shall have when freed by death—
A sweet, refined, expressive face,
And yet whereon the eye could trace
Some signs of passion, slumb'ring still
In dormant strength, yet quick to rise
If tempted by a firm set will
Veiled in persuasion's silken guise.
Short was her tale—far in the East,
Beyond the woods and prairies free,
Where rock-reared bluffs in grandeur flank
The southward rolling inland sea—
Where fleets float on the billows blue,
And winds are fair and isles are few,
And sunbeams fall on clouds of steam,
Or flash and glance from dripping oars;
Where Commerce crowns the boundless stream,
And cities line the rival shores,
And vineyards spread with vigor rank
O'er lands that groan with wealth increased,
And Labor's bustle, roar, and clank

Proclaim that all, from great to least,
Must strongly toil with brain or hand,
Obedient to God's command,
And toiling thus may win and feast—
('T is thus that presbyter and priest
Would have their vassals understand
Why some are blessed and others banned.)
There was her home; in halls of pride,
That looked afar o'er hill and tide,
Without a wish ungratified,
The queen of Fortune's petted throng
She dwelt, her life a joyous maze
Of bright and unembittered days,
All intertwined with smiles and song.
At length the woods and breezy plain,
In contrast with her realm of ease,
Seemed like the green and glad domain
Some heart-sick royal captive sees,
Sad gazing through his prison screens
While 'vironed round with choicest scenes.
Her wayward fancy prone to please,
With gallant guard and ample train
She crossed the prairies wide as seas.

* * * * * *

III.

Apart the stalwart hermit stood
With folded arms in evil mood.

The maid reclined, absorbed in thought,
Unconscious that her beauty wrought
Within his brain a maddened spell,
And that his gaze upon her fell
As merciless as fabled Hell,
Feeding the source from whence it came,
Feasting, like the treacherous flame
Upon the pyre that gives it life,
Heartless, insensate, lustful, rife
With the mad thoughts that tameless rise
From the breast of youth, veiled in sighs
And panoplied in hues of love.
As the serpent glares on the dove
That cannot fly its poisoned fangs,
And yet forbears to strike, and hangs
Above its prey, content to know
It cannot 'scape the deadly blow,
So stood he there, his passions blind,
Holding his soul in abject thrall.

Mind oft can converse hold with mind
Though not a word from lips may fall;
To speak, not language may require,
But eyes can flash magnetic fire —
Can blaze with purpose and desire,
Transmitting shafts of viewless might
That shock the dormant brain they smite,
And rouse it up, as hosts at night
Spring from the field of doubtful fight,
When loud alarms the bugles call,
And bolts of vengeance hissing fall.

She started like the hunted deer
When swift the baying hounds advance;
She trembled with a nameless fear,
And turning met his savage glance;
She saw his lineaments express
The vilest of vile selfishness,
Incarnate lust, and brutal greed
To which 't were vain to kneel and plead,
And, nerved by some strange strength she rose,
As dying heroes face their foes,
And stood erect — a perfect queen —

Unbounded was her passion's reach,
And with Zenobia's tragic mien
She coined her proud contempt in speech.

He heard her not — he only saw
A grandeur in her stormy eyes
That touched his guilty soul with awe
Too deep for lewdness to despise —
A purity that seemed sublime,
More eloquent to banish crime
Than great Jehovah's sternest law,
Or Man's most pitiless decree.
O, more magnificent her rage
Than richest canvas could reflect!
So warm with youth, as wise as age,
And bitter as o'er weening pride
With sense of deepest wrong allied,
Or burning hatred could direct.
Unused to polished beauty's wiles
Such anger moved him more than smiles —
Such chaste and fearless dignity
Possessed more power to stay his lust
Than had she bended to the dust.

From such as she no servile prayer
Was needed to escape his snare;
Her scathing words were swifter far
To reach his heart than strong appeal;
They played like brightly burnished steel —
Blazing rancor could not mar
Their fine effect, nor force him feel
One vengeful impulse in return.
By nature hot, by training stern,
Implacable, quick to resent,
Too proud to pity or repent,
The very courage of her will,
The very fervor of her ire,
Dazzled and disarmed him still,
And bid him honor and admire.

## *A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.*

WITHIN the bloody trench he lay,
The fairest one of slaughter's prey,
His eyes were fixed with stony stare,
And yet his face spoke not of pain,
But high resolve was mirrored there,
As though the doubtful field to gain
Were worth the piles of reeking slain
That smoked beneath the torrid air.
To see if life could still remain,
A sergeant, grim with powder stain,
A rude, rough fellow, quick to dare,
Yet kind of heart as women are,
In tenderness knelt by his side,
And lifted back his dabbled hair,
And tore his bloody dress aside,
When lo! *a maiden's breast was there.*

A pitying oath the sergeant swore,
Then slowly rose in blank amaze;
Strange wierd things we had seen before,
'Mid shifting scenes of stormy days.
We had seen hostile cities blaze;
We had seen the elements blend
Their wrath with Man's, and Heaven send
Its lightnings down to quiet ours;
We had seen Nature's dreadest powers
In every form and every phase;
By the soft light of summer moons,
Louisiana's still lagoons
Had borne us far to realms where well
You might have deemed some wizard's spell
Had bid the low, green shores expand
To vistas of some fairy land;
On Tennessee's rich hills of fruit,
Along the Tallahatchie's tide,
Where amber Yazoo's floods are mute,
Or Gaudalope and Brazos glide,
Where Vicksburg towered in her pride,
Disputing for an empire's sway,
Much had we seen no future day

Will far eclipse; much to appall,
To startle, rapture, or dismay,—
But this strange sight surpassed them all.

The drums beat, and there was no time
For lamentations o'er the dead—
The troops were gathering to climb
A wooded height, whereon 't was said
The foe had rallied for a stand;
And so, upon that gory crest,
We made a grave where she might rest,
And laid her down with tender hand.
Her woes unknown, unknown her name,
She sleeps upon her field of fame;
No storied page her deeds shall tell,
Yet calm she sleeps, and all is well.

## *THERE IS NO GOOD.*

EARTH seems a Hell.
Life came unasked,
And so comes woe.
It thickens on us.
It is our heritage.
Goaded by desires
Implanted in us,
We have no means
To stay them.
We bend and strive and strain,
And all is naught.
I denounce existing things.
There is no guiding hand.
A gale is forth,
Ominous to Man,
Scattering wide disaster.
A whirl of ruin
Roars around us,
And there is no haven.

## *FLANKING THE ENEMY.*

WHERE Kenesaw its lofty crest
Reared threat'ning 'neath a tropic sky,
Long had our legions hotly pressed
To fiercely strive and proudly die.
From peak to peak and height to height
The gleam of bayonets met the sight;
On barren ridge and hills of stone
The brazen-throated cannons shone,
And tents were white in vales between
Half hid by summer's robes of green,
And silent squares of daring men
Were gathered in each leafy glen,
And parapets and walls of clay
Far o'er the mountains stretched their way;
And fortress dark, on every side,
To fortress dark in rage replied;
And musketry in volleys broke

From leaguered lines, through woods of oak,
And where the peaks were lost in blue,
Rebellion's haughty standards flew.

The sun went down in blazing ire,
His glory mingled with our fire;
His gorgeous streams of golden light
Poured flood-like through the roaring fight,
And all the stars our banners bore
Gleamed like Montana's yellow ore.
No moon was forth when night was come,
No longer rolled the warning drum;
No rifle cracked from vale or hill,
The rumbling guns grew strangely still,
And weary with the day gone by,
Each soldier placed his weapons nigh,
And laid him down to dream or die.

Late was the hour swift riders bore
Strange tidings through those forests hoar.
With cautionings of watchful foes,
Our chieftains roused us from repose.
No trump was blown, no signal made,

But like a host become afraid,
For leagues and leagues the still lines poured
Back from their works, as surges creep
Back to the fountains of the deep
When baffled by the firm sea-board;
And then, as rent, conflicting tides,
Sore fretted by the wailing blast,
Resolve into a current vast
That cannot scale the cliff's tall sides,
Yet round its base resistless glides,
So formed we there and westward swept
While still the foe unthinking slept.

Long was the night, and silence dread —
So strangely deep it seemed the dead
Must rouse beneath our martial tread —
Far as the horrid darkness spread,
Intensely reigned; some muttered word
Anon amid the gloom was heard,
Some charger's neigh, some clank of steel,
The noise of some half muffled wheel,
Some wild bird's scream, as if in fright —
And these alone disturbed the night.

With balmy winds and azure skies,
Morn came in Triumph's splendid guise;
Upon the foe's far flank we bore
In war's proud pomp, with music's roar,
And columns massed, and seas of steel,
And musketry's terrific peal,
And crash of shell, and cannon glare,
And thund'ring cheers that rolled away
As though the nations, thronging there,
In fury marshalled for affray.

The startled foe, amazed, undone,
Recoiled before our storm of might;
And ere the stars of early night,
Our banners streamed from hill and height,
And Kenesaw was won.

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## *PRAYER.*

ALL is written
That will transpire.
A sea of tears
Sets not aside
One lone event.

## *FAME TO GENIUS.*

ARISE, with pride of many kings,
And face the world's presumptuous gaze.
Wrest away thy regal bays,
Wear them in the noontide blaze
As from the Heavens handed down —
Earth contains no grander crown;
The brightest of terrestrial things
Must pale before their gorgeous rays
As stars before the sun go down.

## *ANDERSONVILLE.**

THEY were men no more!
Brutalized by Hunger's gnawing fangs,
They swarmed upon the foul earth like vermin,
Or sunk upon their slimy beds and died,
And rotted where they fell — corruption bred
A pestilence, and to escape it,
Some burrowed in the earth like beasts,
And by the treacherous sands were buried.
Diseases of all strangest forms prevailed,
Nor art nor surgery was there to bar
Their gorgon growth; all subtle taints that lurk
Within the richest and the purest blood,
Were fanned to intense and vengeful being,
And devoured the lean and livid flesh.

* I was a prisoner of war at Andersonville, Camp Lawton, Savannah, and Blackshire, in Georgia; Florence, in South Carolina; and Wilmington and Goldsboro, in North Carolina.

The seeds of awful scrofulas were nursed
To virulent life ; cancers, and all plagues
That rankly fester in decaying flesh,
Raged unchecked ; whole limbs became discolored,
And swollen to the point of bursting ;
Teeth dropped out, and eyes from their sockets ran;
Through cheeks and throats great ulcers eat their way,
And as the stricken ones unheeded moaned,
Panting beneath a most merciless sun,
The vile worms crawled up from the teeming ground,
And fed on them, not waiting for death.

Clear and shrill within the echoing wood
Pealed the hunter's horn, and the blood-hound's bay
Reached the far fugitive's ear, ominous
And terrible, blanching his haggard cheek,
Wreathing with deadly pallor his sad lips,
Freezing the coursing blood within his veins.
Fiercely upon his trail the hellish dogs
Unerring sped, shrieking for their human prey.

Lo! when he fainting fell, with dripping jaws
They tore God's image from his parted bones.

All were malevolent and pitiless —
Their hearts were changed to stone, and in their breasts
Human feelings were quite extinguished.
They gloated on each other's misery;
And when the delirious spake of home,
They laughed horribly, and jested of the grave,
And with oaths and sarcastic mockery
Tortured and taunted the dying, as though
Death were the mere incident of an hour.

Arch-fiends from deepest regions of the damned,
Exultant might have stood amid it all,
And deemed themselves in Hades' drearest shades.

---

## *CREEDS.*

ALL human vagaries deceive;
The best of creeds is — disbelieve.

## *MY MOTHER.*

"IGNORE the common goal," she said,
"Leave fools to gather rubbish vile,
Lift thou thine eyes to heights o'er head,
And seek to bask in Glory's smile.
The sluggard perishes in shame,
The Shylock's pomps with him expire,
The hero leaves a deathless name
For countless ages to admire.
Strong be thy will — as iron strong,
To cleave a path to grand renown,
And, peerless in the fields of song,
To millions shall thy name go down.
The years but drift to Death's dark shore —
Let proud ambitions sway thy mind —
So live, that when thy race is o'er,
Resplendent trails shall glow behind."

## *JULY FIFTH*, 1864.

ABOVE our heads, across the vale,
Our batteries, with screaming hail,
Dashed the opposing works away
As tempests toss the ocean spray,
And yet our chieftain's ringing call
Was heard distinct above it all.

'Mid sharp commands and hot replies,
I faintly heard a score of cries,
And then, in wild disorder still,
Our curving lines surged up the hill,
A gleaming mass of fearless men.

The moments sped like dizzy dreams.
Amid a tumult of alarms,
The flash of steel, the roar of arms,
Explosions, curses, groans and screams,

The rush of crowds, the fall of men
That ruthlessly were trampled then,
The sight of blood, the glare of fire,
All mingled in confusion dire,
And scarcely knowing which had lost,
In wrath the battlements we crossed.

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## *THE VOICELESS PAST.*

TOO much ye sound your age's worth.
Not now the arts are having birth.
Civilization is old as earth.

## *MONTMORENCI.*

I.

EYES soft and sensuous;
Languishing for love;
With bounteous passion full
And half o'erflowing;
Lust scarce concealed
Within their lustrous shades;
From their liquid depths
Suggesting forbidden things;
Tempting with bewitching grace;
Prisoning lascivious thoughts
That issue to the light
As sun rays traverse the air,
Viewless, silent, yet subduing;
Bidding passion kindle,
And promising consent;
Potent as the sighing winds are,

And the odors of flowers,
When they soothe us from toil;
Melting with dreamy languor;
Passive, yet with a spell
That leaves no choice;
Seeming to slumber, yet awake
And strong in demands;
Steeped in tenderness,
Oppressed with desire,
Beseeching for love
And the meed of love —
Sweet voluptuary,
Who could resist their magic?

II.

From their inner zones
A soul looks forth;
It feeds on joy;
It laughs with fullness;
It revels in sense.
Yet must it perish.
The flowers in hue
Are fair and matchless.

A master's hand
Cannot depict them.
Yet the winds come
And they perish.
So perishes the soul
And passes from being.
So fair a thing as thou
Must be no more.
Adore thy shrine of sense,
And live thy summer day —
Once sped, it comes no more.

---

## *BEWARE.*

WHO to her lover yields her charms
Ere wedlock crowns his warm request,
Will leave her husband's drowsy arms
To fold the stranger to her breast.

## *JULY TWENTY-FIRST*, 1864.

WE fought that not a slave should be
From Polar snows to tropic sea.

With all the pageantry and pride
That ever Terror's front defied
Since Satan dared a God to scorn,
We marched up through the shining corn.

Led on by chiefs of iron mould,
One impulse wild our hearts controlled —
One impulse wild, in wrath condign
To break the foe's unconquered line.

No thoughts of home deterred us then,
No thoughts of love from maids or men,
No fear of pain, no secret dread
Lest Night its mantle dusk should spread
O'er vanquished lines and slaughter red;

But like a scourge for vengeance sent,
Lost in our pomp and fierce intent,
And proud to be the hope forlorn,
We marched up through the shining corn.

There was a flash — a blinding light
Streamed down the crest from left to right
Like lightnings flung from folds of night,
And swift a crash of dread import
Rolled up from bastion, trench, and fort;
The cannons dark vehement spoke,
Destruction from its sleep awoke,
And canopied amid the smoke,
Its ghastly wings exulting spread.
Sulphurous clouds in volumes dense
Swayed slowly o'er the strife intense,
And leaden hail with vengeful speed
Smote down the ranks that dared to lead.
And while we faced the storm of death,
And struggled on with bated breath,
Resolved to win, and yet dismayed,
Confused, appalled, yet scarcely stayed,
The cruel cheers of taunting foes

From out their shielding works arose.
I could not tell, for dust and smoke,
Just where our column soonest broke,
But backward hurled in rout complete,
In shameful plight it wildly fled,
And flags ne'er borne in base retreat,
Were furled above our gallant dead.
There was no stop, there was no stay,
In massacre had closed the fray,
And frantic haste and mad dismay
Impelled us down the trampled slope
Where late we charged with dauntless hope,
As though a world would fail to cope
With us in all our stern array.
Ah! saddest sight of any day.

A tiny stream stole down the vale
Where first our storming column massed,
Upon whose breast the lilies pale
Were once in beauty purely glassed,
But we had soiled it as we passed —
Had marred its outlines with our tread —
And here and there a tint of red

Came floating down its troubled tide,
Presaging that some wretch had died
By shrieking missile surely sped.
Along its margin halted all.
Some stopped to quaff, and some to fall,
And some to breathe, and some to call
For friends they feared to meet no more;
And some because of anguish sore
From wounds they scarcely knew they bore;
And all, because the sheltered spot
Secured them from the plunging shot.
Anon the thunders died away,
The smoke dissolved in genial day;
The victors' hoarse, incessant cheers,
In painful clamor reached our ears;
And then the air became so still,
You might have heard that tiny rill
Go stealing o'er its sandy bed,
Had not the dying moaned instead.

## *BORN TO MISFORTUNE.*

I.

A FAIR-HAIRED child was left to bear
The burden of her mother's wrong;
To feel how well the world can spare
When boldly bearded by the strong,
And yet how soon it learns to speak
When Virtue bids it crush the weak.

II.

Her lover fled when vengeance burst,
And she was driven forth accursed—
Expelled with blows and scornful jeers
Alone to face a thousand sneers,
To be the by-word of the horde
That gloat on Honor unrestored
And Beauty tarnished in its bloom—

Though foul themselves as harlots vile,
That swiftly scent the trail of guile,
And hound the erring to their doom
Yet deem they serve their God the while.

III.

Above her now no mourner weeps —
Not even a stone shows where she sleeps.

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## MONTMORENCI.

HER idle creed was quickly taught —
To wear her garlands while the winds were warm;
To search the fullest bliss from any lot,
Nor trim her silken sails for any storm.

## *JADED.*

I REALIZE that all I seek
Is transient as the words we speak,
Is evanescent as the bloom
Upon the rose just ere its doom
Is whispered by the chilling breeze —
You alone have power to please.

I am sick of toil — lo! let us sin.
There are more raptures garnered in
One hour of love with you alone
Than e'er Ambition called its own.

I am sick of hope — it is a cheat
That thrills us deepest ere defeat.
There are more joys in wine and thee,
In one brief moment, than the years
Have ever yielded unto me.
Life is bitterness and tears.

There is no substance in it all—
But emptiness and utter woe.
Let Fame's reluctant laurels fall
On other brows—ah! be it so,
I little reck, so but you smile,
For life is such a little while
It scarce is well to reach so far—
To waste it in such ceaseless war;
Be thou my solace and my star.

---

## *HALCYONE.*

YOU caught more graces from that scene
Than Egypt's proud and fated queen
Imperious wore, in Fortune's smile,
When, drifting o'er the placid Nile,
The love songs of her nymphs subdued
The very winds her galleys wooed.

## *PASSION.*

HOW sweet to Youth seems Passion's prize,
Beyond all joys Time garners in!
How yearning hearts leap up and fall,
And thunder with impassioned call,
Despising dreads, o'er-riding all,
To reach but wild abandon's sin!
How through the veins the swift blood flies;
How languor dims beseeching eyes,
Or how those orbs intensely blaze,
Portraying with their vivid rays
The agony that reigns within—
The tumult strange, the fierce desire,
The mad intent, the raging fire,
The whirlwind strife that soul and will
In hopelessness essay to still!
When glamoured o'er with Fancy's hues,
What bright regalia sin assumes!

How warm and wayward Youth imbues
Each charnel scene with summer blooms,
O'erlooks each snare, and but beholds
Serenest Joy where Pain unfolds
Its hydra fangs, or Woe consumes!

---

## *INO.*

A ROSIER cyprian's footsteps ne'er fell
Along the sunny boundaries of Hell.

## *TEMPTATION.*

THERE is a most delicious thrill
In coy Temptation's soft approach;
It does not rouse the angry will
With bold, free strides,
But steals its course with matchless skill,
As water glides.
In dainty whispers does it broach
The darkest deed, appearing still
In winning guise.
It fascinates like serpents' eyes,
And lulls the senses like a dream.
The blackest crimes bewitching seem
Beneath the magic of its spell;
It lures the wayward thoughts to dwell
Where e'er it choose, with subtlest art;
Stealthily it moulds the heart
To wild desires, and stills the pain

That Conscience gives; then the dull brain
Applauds the deed, and loosens rein,
Or, with hot and frantic haste,
Awakes to horrors half embraced,
And seeks supremacy again.

---

## *TOM PAINE.*

UNANSWERED and unmatched he died—
The free alone revere his name.

## *A KANSAS PICTURE.*

ON, on through wastes untamed and dread,
Our lone and silent marches led;
Wide stretched the plains, untouched by man,
Where still and solemn rivers ran;
Green rose the woods beneath a sky
That heard no sounds, and far and nigh
Within the horizon's vast belt,
A world spread out wherein there dwelt
No throne of power to set aright
The ruthless wrongs imposed by Might,
Or wreaked by Hate, or wrought by Lust,
No safe-guard that the weak might trust,
No lofty court of last appeal,
No law save that the rudest feel
Within their hearts; naught to oppose
Marauder's craft or ruffian's blows —
Only Nature's grand repose.

## *OPPORTUNITY.*

HOW vain are Wisdom's mandates cold,
The voice of precept or of creed;
How vain example may unfold
Its logic stern,
Or Honor burn
With lofty zeal to intercede;
How passing vain, in Beauty's need,
Are all prevailing powers of good,
If but she list, in tacit mood,
To soft Temptation's siren call,
And Circumstance approve her fall!
It little recks who wooes her then —
Too soon she wails o'er what hath been.

## *GLENDARE.*

HE loved to view roused Nature's rage,
And read, as from a written page,
The signs she traced on mountains hoar,
On flaming skies, on seas in pain,
On rushing stream or beaten shore,
On quaking hill or ravaged plain.
Where e'er she wrote he loved to read;
And if her tameless instincts chose
The rending whirlwind for a steed,
And sin-stained cities for her foes,
He murmured not — he had no cause
To pity where such hatred dwelt —
Revenge was all of human laws,
Before whose shrine he willing knelt;
And had some horror menaced earth,
Some scourge to sweep from land to land,
Could he have stayed it at its birth,

He had withheld his saving hand.
Condemn such spirit ye who will,
The world's own lessons teach it still.

---

## "THE LAST MAN."

ALL human forms may vanish quite,
Like races now extinct,
And still the world roll on.

## *THE DREAMS OF THE STARVING.**

FITFUL sleep was purchased by exhaustion,
And like the trance brought on by subtle drugs,
Teemed with strange, voluptuous fancies.
No more a starving wretch the dreamer seemed,
No more the bitter taunts of heartless foes
Set baffled hatred rankling in his soul,
Hopeless of the day when vengeance might be won;
But, like an oriental king, he trod
The halls of gorgeous palaces, spacious,
Fantastic, and unreal, yet wherein
Were banquets spread of such luxurious state
The gods from high Olympus might have come
And gorged themselves like heedless wantons.
Anon he lolled on beds of dying flowers,
Whose odors through his drunken senses stole

* Andersonville.

Like soothing and sensuous narcotics,
And music swelled and perished on the air,
And around him thronged more beauteous nymphs
Than e'er were bred on famed Circassia's hills,
Laden with luscious fruits from many lands.
Yet when at length in indolence he smiled,
And reached his languid hand to pluck and eat,
The vision vanished, and he woke to rave
With growing madness — to beat his breast,
Or from his crown to rend the matted hair,
Or like a demon to yell till the vales
And silent, solemn woods gave back reply.

# ON THE WING.

1870-1871.

## *MEXICO IN PROSPECT.*

WHEN the flood-tides of fortune have swept me afar,
Have wafted my bark to the lands of the sun,
O, leave the fair gates of your Mem'ry ajar,
And think, O, think of the wandering one.

While strangers and aliens encompass me then,
And the sad heart turns to its happier day,
O, waste you a thought for the times that have been,
And a thought for the perils that darken my way.

When the treacherous foeman beleaguers our path,
And hosts embattled are gathering near,
How oft will I turn from their threatening wrath,
To ponder on one remembered and dear.

When the cannon's deep echo, and musketry's crash,
Roll o'er the fields ensanguined with gore;
When the columns contending, invincibly rash,
Their murderous volleys incessantly pour;

When the plains shake with carnage, the mountains with dread,
And the atmosphere quakes with the hideous roar,
O, then will I think of the days that are fled,
The halcyon days returning no more.

When the wild cheers of triumph sweep up to the sky,
And drown the fierce contest's tumultuous din,
O, then will I spurn their encomiums high,
To ponder on one whom I dared never win.

## *FRANCE.*

O, BLEEDING and grand, yet fallen land,
Whose splendor has vanished for aye,
What touch can restore that masterly hand
That pointed thy legions the magical way
To triumphs so vast the world stood aghast,
And wondering gazed on thy towering might,
While kingdoms went down before the wild blast
That swelled from the tumult of fight?
O, if the wierd grave could yield up thy brave,
Embattled beneath the great Corsican's glance,
While he led them on, thy glories to save,
What arm could arrest their haughty advance?
If Helena's lone king to the contest could spring,
With power to marshal and hosts to obey,
How nations would tremble and Europe would ring,
As he smote the stern monarch who cumbers thy way!

O, if the proud dead could gaze from o'erhead,
  To pity the throes of thy terrible pain,
How Napoleon would mourn o'er thy majesty fled,
  And chafe to be with you again!
How his falchion bright, through the varying fight,
  Would flash like the lightnings of God;
And how the foe in affright would fly from his sight,
  Or crouch where the conqueror trod!
How Destruction would spread with a mantle of dead,
  The fields where his thunderbolts fell;
And how the plains where his vengeance impetuous sped
  Would glow like the portals of Hell!
But his fierce race is run, and his work is undone,
  And Destiny mocks at his powerless pain,
And the eagle that soared till it challenged the sun,
  Back to the earth must flutter again.

## *CLEARING THE COAST OF TEXAS.*

THE crescent shores are dazzling bright
  Beneath the sunset's glow,
And, deluged with the yellow light,
The distant headlands woo the sight,
As gleaming o'er the billows white
  They check the ocean's inward flow.

Slow sinks the sun within the west,
  Obscured behind his golden fleece;
The lambent glory round his crest
Sinks on the ocean's lonely breast,
And lights the surge's wild unrest,
  Till Night command the pageant cease.

Then dark the clouds sweep o'er the sky,
  Responsive to the tempest's roar;
The angry waters struggle high,

And vainly seeks the weary eye
To pierce the gloomy wastes that lie
  Between it and the fading shore.

The vessel plunges on its way,
  Our native clime is past,
Our track is through the ocean spray;
And where the fearful breakers lay,
And where the whirlwind seeks its prey,
  We still must fly before the blast.

Perchance the gale that drives us on
  May sweep us to our doom;
Perchance the stars, so pale and wan,
May see the last lorn prospect gone,
And ere the light of laggard dawn
  Our minute gun may boom.

Ah! fiercer yet the tempest swells,
  And darker yet the heavens grow;
A deeper shade o'er midnight tells,
The blast shrieks like a demon's yells;
Dread thunders rumble forth their knells
  In monodies of woe.

Ah! what a scene on which to gaze —
  The ocean lashed to foam,
While mountain high the billows raise,
And in its lurid splendor plays
The baleful lightning's angry blaze,
  Imperious in its cloudy home.

In fragments hang the bursted sails,
  The masts bend low but do not break;
The sternest eye a moment quails,
The warmest cheek a moment pales,
The firmest heart a moment fails,
  And nerves of iron shake.

But true the oak as massive steel,
  Back to its place it springs again,
And while the sullen thunders peal,
And ghastly horrors round us steal,
And stricken cravens frenzied kneel,
  Down sweep the storms of frozen rain.

The slippery deck with ice is laid,
  Beware the surge that sweeps it o'er,
For vain the hand that 's stretched for aid,

And vain the cry for succor made,
When hero hearts become afraid
  That never cringed before.

Some hideous power directs the gale,
  Some hellish spirit seems to reign;
Above the prow the waters scale,
And should the flimsy hatches fail,
Our fate may form some solemn tale
  To warn the daring from the main.

But gallant forms spring up the mast
  And cling to yards that dip the spray,
And while the ship is hurled and cast
As though each moment were its last,
They furl the canvas from the blast,
  And set the hurricane at bay.

## *IN CUBAN WATERS.*

SLOW moves the vessel on her weary way,
The dying breeze scarce fans the tide,
And rainbows gather o'er the spray
That feebly dashes from her side;
The surges in colossal slumbers lay,
And furl their crests of foamy pride;
The nautilus scarcely deigns to ride
Upon its voyages to fairy land,
But leans upon its satin side
As anchored by some human hand,
And lures the daybeams as they glide
From sunny sea to lovely land.
The gorgeous sky with brilliant tints
Is grandly rich within the west,
And golden rods from heavenly mints
Down in the tide are deeply pressed.

The land lolls in the drowsy blaze,
  The groves hang down their haughty heads,
The mountains blue undaunted gaze
  Whence all the glow of splendor spreads;
And such a beauty gathers round
  The earth, and seas, and skies,
I wonder if a soul e'er found
  A fairer clime in Paradise.

## *ON THE WESTERN OCEAN.*

THERE 'S a surging sea before us,
And a gloomy waste around,
And the angry heavens o'er us
All day have darkly frowned,
And the gale that seems to master
All things that meet the eye,
But drives us on the faster
Where hidden perils lie.
All nature seems in travail,
The billows e'en complain,
Then who shall sneer or cavil
With cynical disdain,
If I shall own a sadness
As Memory portrays
Those scenes of glowing gladness
We knew in other days?
Those fleeting scenes of pleasure

That sped so swift away,
When Joy filled up its measure
And ev'ry heart was gay;
When Youth with haughty madness,
The gauntlet flung to care,
And never sigh or sadness
Could hope to enter there —
When we crowned the hours with roses,
Nor marked them as they went,
Nor how each year discloses
Some deeper discontent;
Nor dreamed how soon our number
Would be a broken thing,
Nor who would lowly slumber
Beneath the flowers of spring;
Nor heeded we the morrow
Nor what its dawn would bring,
Nor feared we hand of sorrow,
The aching heart to wring.
Then fill the hours with gladness,
And revel while ye may,
For life is full of sadness —
Ah! whirl it swift away.

## *SAINT GEORGE'S CHANNEL ON A CLEAR DAY.*

THE glassy tide in its dormant pride
Spreads boundless beneath the sun,
And a misty haze on the horizon lays
Like the smoke of a battle won;
And the breezes bland from the shadowy land
Steal lazily on their way,
And the sea-nymphs hid imperiously bid
Meridian splendors play.
There 's many a scene with shores as green,
And billowy wastes as fair,
Where the lineaments bold of the mountain peaks cold
Loom out on the dreamy air;
And the Master's hand in characters grand
Has written his emblems of might,
And the sea and the land are daintily planned
To thrill the lone heart with delight;

And the eye may range through measureless change
  And limitless regions of light—
But, ah! choose for me this beautiful sea
  As it glitters beneath the sun,
And a misty haze on the horizon lays
  Like the smoke of a battle won.

## *THE TOMB OF BYRON.*

THE gloomy church in grand decay,
  Seems fitted for his last repose.
Eight centuries have passed away
  Since first in majesty it rose,
And yet in massive strength it stands,
  A monument of cycles flown;
Ah! withered are the faithful hands
  That reared aloft its ancient stone.
Around its walls, now aged and hoar,
  A thousand graves are thickly spread,
Where sleep the valor and the lore
  That once in field and forum led.
Their shattered slabs, beneath the sun
  Recount no tales of honors past —
Their epitaphs have one by one
  Been blotted out by rain or blast.
The rose-flecked vines, in mantles wide,

Stream o'er the windows stained within,
As though in tenderness to hide
Their images from outward sin,
And as the breeze, with gentlest care,
The inflorescence softly sways,
A mournful sigh steals on the air
That murmurs of departed days.
The aisles are dim with softened light,
The pillars old are dusk and bare,
And here and there a tablet white
Records whose bones are crumbling there.
Strange shadows move at Fancy's freak,
And silence reigns so deep and dread
'T were sacrilegious but to speak,
For 'neath the stones on which you tread,
Secure from Slander's venomed tongue,
Or ruthless Hatred's reeking blade,
Shrined only by the songs he sung,
The bard of all the world is laid.

## *THE VOICE OF THE WINDS.*

AH! dark and austere, and savagely drear,
The wide waters spread to the fathomless sea,
And the winds that arose from their sullen repose,
Had a myriad voices for me.

When the zephyrs that float from the rich glowing west,
Oft thrill us with murmurs and sighs,
And the gales that disturb the face of the deep
Sound the pæans of turbulent skies,

Who doubts that the mind, in sadder refrains,
Can interpret the burden so solemnly sung,
Can gather from Nature's gloomier strains
A weightier wisdom than eloquent tongue

Ere thundered from altar or forum profound
To listening masses low bended in awe —

A weightier wisdom, that vaults o'er the bound
That encircles Jehovah's inscrutable Law?

I believe that these sounds, though mystic and crude,
Are lessons that from Omnipotence fall,
And that the mind, when in a sensitive mood,
Can ponder and fathom them all.

And as I stood on the steep that looked o'er the sea,
And the winds came forth to trouble the night,
A magical lore seemed given to me
To read their wierd symphonies right.

## *NAPOLEON IN OBSCURITY.*

*(Written in the Garden of the Tuileries.)*

YOUNG, lithe, erect, slight as a girl,
Soldier-like in step, with bearing proud;
Dark hair that fell in wave and curl
Upon his shoulders like a cloud
Wherein the tempest finds a home;
Firm lips that spoke a will of steel—
Unchangeable as Heaven's dome;
Fierce eyes whose glance you half could feel,
So piercingly they gazed; whose glow
Was eloquent of lofty woe,
Imperial pride, unflinching zeal,
And slumb'ring yet transcendant power;
(In bitter gloom they seemed to lower
On vacant air, as though his brain

Revolved deep thoughts of savage pain
He would not banish, and then they grew
Triumphant in their baleful hue
As though Imagination threw
Around some scheme you could not guess,
The halo of profound success ;)
Features fair, cast in heroic mould,
For avarice had ne'er controlled
His thoughts, to stamp its craven lines
Upon his brow, nor passions base,
Since each low pursuit swift defines
Its hideous brand or secret trace ;
An air that haughtily bespoke
One born not for Oppression's yoke,
But framed by nature for command ;
One who had been, in some soft land,
Enthroned in ease, a poet grand,
Whose stormy numbers idly flung
To listening throngs, had rung
Through all the world, till nations hung
Upon the music of his tongue,
Or on his harp's impassioned strain,
Bewildered and enrapt ; yet one,

Had Treason dared its horrid reign
O'er empires stricken and undone,
Had seized the helm of State, or sword,
And scattered far Dissension's horde,
Or fiercely hurled Invasion back
To whence it came — one who did not lack
The gentler weaknesses that win
The humbler myriads to sin
And luxury, and sloth, but who
Around his soul such cordons drew
Of stern resolves, that Beauty's bloom
Was baffled by his sullen gloom;
That Pleasure spread for him in vain
Its Circean toils, and wanton Ease
Was powerless to forge a chain
So coyly screened he could not seize
And rend in twain.
Such was the chief ere yet his name
Was blazoned on the scroll of fame.

## *AT THE ALTAR.*

THOUGH scarcely false, and yet not true,
May never woe confound thee;
May peace upon thy footsteps wait,
And myriad joys surround thee.
May troops of friends be ever near,
May tender lips caress thee;
May ev'ry weal that mortals know
Be ever nigh to bless thee.
May noble thoughts and righteous aims
In kindly deeds employ thee,
And never sad or secret fear
With sombre hand annoy thee.
May wealth throw round thy pathway fair
Its jewels without number,
And restless thoughts of other days
In ceaseless quiet slumber.
May health weave round thy happy home

A cordon for thy blessing,
And genial words and gentle smiles,
Of truest love confessing,
Be ever thine to make thy life
A journey strewn with roses,
Nor ever Fortune teach thee where
A single grief reposes.

# POEMS OF CAMP AND FIELD.

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1862—1865.

## *OFF TO THE WARS.*

ADIEU, sweet maids of honor frail,
And charms too fair to last;
Adieu, each dear and sunny vale,
Where happiest hours have passed;
Where sweeps Destruction's lurid gale
My future lot is cast.

## *A CASUAL REFLECTION.*

THE special talents that secure a rope
Are also requisite to win a star;
And to rob a scoundrel of his future hope,
And send him howling to his Maker's bar,
Is but to teach the ribald crowd
That gathers round your scaffold base,
That had you fled the hangman's shroud
You might have led in Glory's god-like chase.
To cut a throat, or fire a town,
Or lead battalions down to death,
Are but varied routes to fair renown,—
That empty bubble of mortal breath.

## *IN LINE OF BATTLE.*

I SIT beside the flowing stream,
  And Fancy's hand is weaving fast
The fabric of a happy dream
  Too deep with joy to last.

I see no more the camp-fires red,
  The ranks impatient for the fray,
The tents o'er hill and lowland spread,—
  My vagrant thoughts are far away.

I dream of home and distant friends,
  Of wild woods dear in childhood's day,
And, careless that the strife impends,
  I farther launch my thoughts away.

I dream of every peaceful scene
  Where early footsteps loved to stray,
As by my couch of tufted green
  My burnished arms unheeded lay.

I mark no more the pomp of war,
  Nor lines of glowing steel,
Nor cannons old with rust and scar
  To make battalions reel.

I dream of haunts where sunny days
  Were never dark with woe,
Ere Combat bid our cities blaze,
  And hurled us on the foe.

I dream that strife has ceased to be,
  And Danger's paths no more we tread,
That shackled States once more are free,
  And fields no more with blood are red.

I dream that all the sweet delights
  That Youth can hope to win,
Have called us from these gory fights,
  And hemmed their horrors in.

Yet, as beside the flowing stream
  I mark no more the pomp of war,
But idly dream my happy dream,
  The sullen cannons roar afar.

## *CORINTH.*

ABOUT the souls of gallant men
Does Glory weave a subtle spell,
And yet her voice is but a knell,
A siren sound, a fleeting breath,
That rises from the sullen grave
To animate the thoughtless brave,
And crown their manly toils with death.

## *HO! FOR VICKSBURG.*

THE call hath come — we must away!
Farewell this green and flowery spot,
And welcome now the banners gay,
And now the howl of rifle shot,
And let the battle lightnings play,
For Northland warriors falter not.

Farewell, once more, the quiet camp;
Farewell ye scenes where roses bloom;
And welcome now the host's dull tramp,
And clash of arms, and waving plume;
For ere young Luna lights her lamp
We 'll hear the foeman's cannon boom.

Farewell ye fields and forests green,
Ye have lost your charms for me;
I would not linger though a queen

Arrayed her halls of dance in thee,
For my spirit longs for a wilder scene,
And the silvery cheers of victory.

Vicksburg's walls are proud and high,
And Death sits throned upon her steep;
But when our iron engines ply
We 'll rouse her from her giant's sleep;
And if beneath her walls we die,
O'er nobler graves who could weep?

## *ONCE MORE TO THE CAMPS.*

MY cheek is pale, my pulse beats fast,
My limbs are faint and sore;
I shiver in this wintry blast,
I tremble at its roar,
And shall my dreary lot be cast
Amid this Northland hoar?

No more for me the leaden cloud
Will frown along the sky;
No more for me the tempest loud
Will howl and shriek and sigh;
No more for me in snowy shroud
The King of Ice will whirl on high.

No more for me the cutting cold
Will range the frosty air;
No more for me o'er heath and wold
The winds will chorus of despair;

No more for me the snows will fold
  Their robes o'er all that 's fair.

Farewell this drear and hostile clime,
  It has no beauties for my soul;
Its very streams, with notes sublime,
  To the southern valleys roll;
Why waste I here my fleeting time
  In this desert of my soul?

Huzza! for the vine hills far away!
  For the fields with cotton white!
Huzza! for the land of genial day,
  And the land of radiant night!
Huzza! for the land of fierce affray,
  Of sun, and song, and fight!

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## *FORTITUDE.*

IF the tried spirit do not bend,
  There thrives no woe that will not end.

## *WAR.*

GO prate to fools of Glory's breath,
  Of honors won amid the fray;
Of daring deeds in face of death,
  Where hecatombs are swept away;
Of all the idle pomp of fame,
  Of laurels dyed in human gore;
Of grateful cities' high acclaim,
  And History's immortal score;
Of all the horrors knaves invent
  To minister to gain;
Of all the scourges ever sent
  To thrive on misery and pain.
I hate them all—the foes of weal,
  The ruthless reapers of the grave;
Fools only fight while scoundrels steal,
  And cities spurn their mangled brave;

The flimsy wreath soon fades away,
  The dauntless lines are soon forgot,
And Death exults above his prey,
  And haunts alone the bloody spot.

# YOUTHFUL POEMS.

1865-1868.

## *ON THE KANSAS PLAINS.*

AH! cursed fiends, with subtle hands
Ye ply your lurid master's trade
Where cities mar unhappy lands
That God in beauty made,
But not within the desert free
Ye bid the flowers of Pleasure fade,
Nor can your reign untrammeled be
Within the boundless forest's shade;
Nor where mountain streams in sunlight dance
Can Care, thy minion stern, intrude,
To wither with his baleful glance
The happy realms of solitude.
No! the desert yet is free from Care,
Its breezes bear no drear refrain
To bid the aching heart despair,
Or wake anew the pangs of pain.
O, had I some weird Olympian power

To mould the universe anew,
Proud capitals should be the dower
Of Destruction's hungry crew;
Red Riot for his ragged horde
Should win a surfeit for a day,
And Might should vainly lift its sword
To bid the panting rabble stay.
Then the earth I 'd sweep with Phaetonic fire,
And its proud, pretentious realms destroy;
Avarice should see each grasping wretch expire
O'er the dull hoards that formed his joy;
Pride should see her pampered knaves
O'er their heaped-up plumage wail;
Oppression with its cringing slaves
Should perish in the fiery gale;
Hypocrisy should vainly seek to hide
With cloak and mask its hideous form;
Civilization, with brilliant crime allied,
Should crumble in the wrathful storm.
Every vestige of man's unnatural life
Should be sternly swept away,
And when the elements had ceased their strife,
And the winged lightnings their vengeful play,

The pitying heavens should kindly weep,
And with green verdure robe the soil
Where joyless serfs now sow and reap
Or sink beneath their ceaseless toil;
And where gilded cities groan with crime,
And Fashion holds her gaudy reign.
There should dawn another halcyon time,
And the free forests should spring up again;
And the grand old streams, unmeant for slaves,
Should murmur wild and lawless strains,
And as sunshine lit their silver waves,
Go winding through unbounded plains;
And the swelling hills, from man reclaimed,
Should bear profuse their grasses tall,
Where countless herds should roam untamed
And be the common wealth of all.
And the lordly crags, where threat'ning shines
The enginery of pain and death,
Should scarcely bear their weight of vines
To woo the south wind's balmy breath.
Earth should be for all—not for the hateful few
Who rear them Babels like the fools of old,
And thrust aside the good and true

Who scorn their gods of senseless gold.
No narrow lines should check the flowing will,
Or bid the careless wand'rer stay;
No turbid stream or tiny rill
Should bound a prince o nabob's sway.
Man's will, like the summer wind,
Should be unchecked, unfettered, free,—
None should seek to rule or bind,
But all as equal lords should be.
No low sprung rules should dare to chain
Each burning impulse of the human breast;
But License, like a glorious queen, should reign,
Her laws the first, the wildest, and the best.
Ah! Earth for once should truly be
What grey old sages oft have planned,
And Man for once so truly free
That not a fruit on Eden's tree
But should grow for any hand.

## *THE LOST GENIUS.*

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### THE TALE OF A SUICIDE.

O, 'TIS hell to feel within the mind
Those god-like traits that lead to fame,
And yet be fettered and confined
Within a field prescribed and tame,
Doomed to a dull life of sluggish shame,
And with no higher, wilder aim
Than to follow the round of foul routine,
When did not Fate some baser idol claim
The nations might tremble at your name,
And Glory gild it with her golden sheen!
Whine o'er your woes, O lachrymosial crew—
Make shrines and bow to sirens fair—
In sad ecstacy dream o'er eyes of blue,
O'er cheeks a-bloom, o'er queenly hair,
O'er bosoms white as Sierra's snows,
And glowing forms beyond compare

That rival arms must yield repose
Till roused by cold neglect and care,
And mourn that charms so warmly sought
Should bless or curse some taunting foe ;
In savage wrath upbraid the lot
That Heaven ne'er designed for woe,
But ah ! till ye 've felt the racking throes
That baffled ambition feels
Talk not of grief ! A sensual passion grows
Dead with time, and the wound heals,
But a hopeless, burning thirst for fame
Is quenched alone with a lifeless frame.

Thus, too, deemed the sullen chief ; he longed to
die,
And explore the mysteries of the grave,
Nor cared what darkened fate might lie
Beyond Death's weird and silent wave.
No idle fable checked his soaring thought—
No scroll with utter folly sealed,
To prophecy the mystic lot
That Heaven never yet revealed.
In scorn he left their brutal creeds

To those who thrive on Superstition's wiles;
Who cloak in cant their dragon deeds,
And secret woo soft Pleasure's smiles.

From his very boyhood days
Fame had been his constant dream.
While his glad comrades wrought their idle plays
He drew apart, and beside some lonely stream,
With pensive brow and absent air,
Depicted in his burning brain
Broad fields illumed with battle's glare,
And swept with Death's relentless rain,
And rocking 'neath the terrible tread
Of charging lines, and the deafening roar
Of black artillery, while the hot sunlight shed
A spectral splendor o'er the realm of gore.
And foremost 'mong the reckless riders there,
Guiding the van with impetuous mein,
And wresting victory from despair,
His own wild form was seen.
And then he dreamed of triumphal cheers,
And the foe's imposing might o'erthrown,
The applause of millions in their joyous tears,

And Fame's unfading laurels all his own.
And o'er and o'er his dream he dreamed,
As time waned on from year to year,
And yet such dazzling glory farther seemed
At every step, until a sickly fear
O'ercame him, and faith was lost, and pride
Taught him to despise the deeds he 'd done,
And in high contempt to fling aside
The humble chaplets he had won,
And then in brightness woman came
To plunge his blasted days in deeper shame.
Oh! then had but some fierce colossal strife
Strewn thick the land with mangled clay,
How grandly had he sold his wasted life
But to have led the shock on some immortal
day!

I cannot believe that men can fail
When every hope is centered on undying fame,
And the strong soul, like a warrior clad in mail,
Scorns before a barrier to quail
Until is reached its god-like aim.

And yet how few e'er find the fields of high emprise
Whereon to charm the noisy crowds they secretly despise?

So life an utter curse had grown,
And death was the surgery he chose
To cure its ills; no coward moan
Escaped his lips at thought of vile repose;
No shudder marked the deed a gloomy crime
To mar eternities of after time;
But sternly and calmly he cast up the sum
Of existence, and the gloomy balance drew,
Whereat Conscience' lips were dumb,
Or owned the dreadful reckoning true.

## *ON A FRIEND'S MARRIAGE.*

FAREWELL, thou fool, to lawless bliss,
And welcome now the fangs of Care;
Thy pay — a cold embrace and lifeless kiss,
And charms that Time will soon impair,
Or wantonness betray for gold
To hated foe or mouthing friend,
For since the serpent's feat of old,
What dame to folly will not bend?
And since Ambition hath roused thy brain,
And fame hath been thy lofty goal,
Dream not thy glorious dreams again,
Nor fire again thy longing soul,
But like a giant in affray,
Cast prostrate in his shame,
Behold thy future fade away —
What hath a slave to do with fame?

O, bright and golden youth!
  Each sunny hour enthroned in bliss!
How can it be that fools will throw
  Thy peerless glories down for this?

## *LINES.*

'TIS sad to wake from some delicious trance,
And find its baseless splendors fled;
'T is sad to meet some dear, familiar glance,
And find its soul of love is dead;
'T is sad to see a noble bark
Go down amid the sea;
'T is sad to sit and silent mark
A well loved spirit flee;
'T is sad to see a gallant band
Close round a leader tried,
And see the foe, with potent hand,
O'erwhelm them in their pride;
'T is sad to see a dauntless form
Guide conquest on its way,
And pass unscathed amid the storm,
To fall at close of day;
'T is sad in indigence to feel

The sting of Fortune's bitter frown,
Nor hope to make the rabble kneel
Before your genius and renown;
'T is sad to see the crumbling wall
Where childhood's home hath been;
'T is sad to see a dear one fall,
And feel your own the sin.

## *ALL IS VANITY.*

HEAP high your piles of massive stone,
Pursue your dreams of golden lust,
Time will claim them all his own,
And strew your gods in crumbling dust.

## *AT NIAGARA.*

ON, wild waters, with your flight—
I glory in your sullen power,
Your grand contempt of human might,
Your untamed strength, your splendid dower
Of fierce beauty, more winning far
Than woman in her rarest hour.
Who can stay you? Who can bar
Your headlong tides, when mortals cower,
Struck deep with awe, appalled with fear,
E'en at your voice?
Rejoice, O, roaring floods, rejoice!
Speak till the bending heavens hear!
Proclaim yourselves! Hurl swift your sounds
To earth's remotest walls,
For Man is but the worm that crawls
In the sun's glare for a brief day,
But you endure alway.
Time, for you, prescribes no bounds.

## *FATE.*

ITS very accident of will is law,
And yet, while kingdoms crumble at its beck
And fill a startled world with awe,
It flings aside the mighty wreck
Mayhap with cunning hand to turn
The humble chances of some laison low,
To teach some trustful heart to burn,
Or guide fond Faith adown the steeps of woe;
Or yet to balk some well-laid scheme
With deep damnation fraught,
Or blast some sweet and lotus dream,
Or mar same trebly subtle plot.

## *UNDINE.*

WITH the northern summer's heat oppressed,
Undine had left her curtained bed,
And, wrapped in sweetest dreams of rest,
Where murmuring breezes ceaseless shed
A flood of coolness o'er her pillows low,
Gliding about her with daintiest care,
Kissing away her beauty's glow,
Moving and fretting her golden hair,
Unmarred, she lay, by shroud or robe,
And bathed in a sea of Luna's light,
Like some wandering spirit of a heavenly globe
Outwearied with her measureless flight.

* * * * . . *

While thus appealing to the rarest taste
Of noblest flighted minds, in its beauty chaste,
Its voluptuous contour stealthily stole
Upon the startled senses with a delicious might

To o'erpower the idolatrous soul
Like distant music on a lovely night.

*  *  *  *  *

Ah! what a mellow fruit upon a tempting tree,
Full ripened for a lawless hand!
What a stately bark upon a placid sea,
Drifting toward the rocks and sand!
What a chafing steed upon a desert free,
Neighing its rider with loud command!
What a blown, unrivalled rose to be
Wasting on the breezes bland!
What a diamond on a barren waste,
Courting the beams of a tell-tale sun!
What a nectar cup for the gods to taste!
What a voluptuous sprite to be undone!

*  *  *  *  *

Once more he sought her side, and kneeling low,
Pressed on her cherry lips, so warmly fresh,
A long impassioned kiss, whose fervor seemed to flow
From heart, and mind, and blood and flesh.
Bewildered, Undine woke, but ere her wild alarm
Could ring upon the midnight air,

Successive kisses robbed her lips of harm,
And smothered danger in its rosy lair.
And as floating on the breathless hour
Like the gentle notes of an angel's knell,
Came the silver strokes from the distant tower,
The sweet and hapless Undine fell.

# PROSE.

## *STORMY TIMES ON THE VERDIGREE.*

(*Originally published in "Chambers' Journal," Edinburgh.*)

THERE were stormy times on the Verdigree. The redskins had sent us their ultimatum. There sat their Envoy Extraordinary, half naked, on his mangy steed, armed and equipped for war, and erect and imperturbable as Bismarck. The noon-day breeze just moved his trailing scalp-lock, else he might have passed for a painted statue. Herndon sat on a hewn slab of oak, beating the long roll with the fragments of a broken ramrod, and laughingly commanded us to fall into line. But we had no trifling matter before us. That morning at sunrise we had spurred our ponies into the clear flowing waters of the Verdigree, floundered across to the opposite side, and after exploring one of the wildest solitudes of one of

the loveliest valleys of the West, had each selected a prolific tract of land, and determined to settle there for life. And at that very moment we were about to erect the first of our cabins. The jealous Osages had resented our summary proceeding, however, and had dispatched us a peremptory summons to retire across the river, or pay the penalty of non-compliance with our lives. They demanded instant obedience.

"Won't you just be kind enough to ride out to that there mound there?" said Ben, the black-moustached Missourian, to the vermilion-daubed savage, who partially understood English. "We want to talk this here thing over a little." And he pointed to a spot about thirty yards distant, as though he expected his request to be immediately complied with. The Indian nodded, wheeled his charger gracefully, and obeyed without a word.

Our whole civil and military force had been mustered for the occasion. There were six of us, and we were all young and vigorous. Every man had "seen service," and the roughest kind at that. We held an impromptu council of war.

"What do you think we'd better do, boys?" inquired Ben, quietly.

A silence ensued. Each waited for the other to speak first. At last the "Texican" ventured his opinion. What his true name was I never learned. He was a native of Texas. From "Texan," the frontier lingo had metamorphosed his title into "Texican," and by that anomalous *sobriquet* we knew, respected, and called him.

"I'm in for a fight, boys," said he. "This here land can't be beat. It's as much ours as it's theirn, and it would n't look well, no how, for us to give in to 'em at a jump. They ain't give us a decent invitation to leave. The Comanches burnt a sister of mine, three year ago last fall, down on the old Texas line, and I ain't forgot it," and with a grating oath he swore he'd "die in his boots before he'd get out of the way for a set of greasy Osages. He shot 'em, any how, every chance he got."

"You just settle the matter for yourselves, boys, whatever it's to be," interposed the Missourian, leaning his chin upon his hand as though

nothing more than an every-day occurrence was being debated—as though a mere deal in "poker" was to be decided.

"It 's all very well to talk about fighting it out," remarked Colton, "and it 's likely that we 've got as much sand in our craws as most folks, but what can six of us do against three or four hundred? The game is all in their own hands, and they know it. I had all the fighting I wanted in the army, and do n't want any more of it if I can decently help it. We might throw our logs together and hold our own till morning, but it would turn out an ugly scrape before we got through with it. We 'd soon get out of rations, and we ain't got a drop of water ahead, and they 'd dance over our bones before to-morrow night. If the rest of you want to fight, though,—fight it is. I won't show the white feather."

He was a young Minnesotian, and the frontiersmen credited him with being "as cool as a wedge, and sharper than steel."

"I 'll tell you what I 'm in for," said "Ohio." "We 're all old vets at this military business, and

we want to use a little strategy. We can 't fight all of 'em, and we want to come it over 'em some way. It 's better for even one of us to be killed than for all of us, for I do n't feel like falling back without burning some powder, myself, after the way we 've been talked to. I move that we pick our man and they pick theirs, and let the two shoot it out. If their man wins, we 'll evacuate; if ours wins, we 'll stay."

This was a novel proposition, and suited every one. Herndon, however, thought our champion should be selected by lot, and that the fight should be with rifles at twenty paces.

The amendment was considered still better. We all cordially agreed. Ben motioned importantly to the Envoy. That nude personage rode forward gravely, received the reply with haughty decorum, and was out of sight in a minute.

"We 'd better load up in the mean time, boys," suggested "Ohio," "for if it do n't suit 'em, they 'll be after us in short order."

The idea was voted "not bad," and we not only charged our rifles and revolvers, but flung our logs

together in such a manner as to form a very efficient defence. Herndon then kindled a fire, and commenced cooking dinner. In about fifteen minutes the same Indian again galloped up. Our proposition had met with much favor, he informed us, but would only be accepted on condition that the distance should be shortened to ten paces, and that the contest should continue until one of the principals was slain; and that whether theirs was slain or not, if ours was slain we should retire.

"That's pretty close quarters, boys," exclaimed Ben. "I got a scar once on about such a time table. But I guess it's all right. They know they can't shoot with us. Give 'em a square deal."

To this we all assented. The messenger then stated that within an hour the warriors of his band would assemble at an eminence half a mile distant, which he pointed out, and that we would be there and then expected. We promised punctuality, and he rode off at a gallop.

Next came the task of casting lots for the post of peril. It was a solemn moment, for no one

could predict the result of the coming encounter. "Ohio" plainly wrote each man's name on a slip of paper torn from one of his mother's letters, and placed the scraps in a hat. "Texican" was blindfolded and deputed to draw for us. Whosoever's name was on the slip he drew was to be our champion. *He drew his own.*

"It's all right, boys," said he, earnestly, when the result was announced. "You could n't please me better."

Then ensued a long period of silence, for we all had our misgivings. No unmanly bravado was indulged in. We dispatched our dinner as soon as possible, smoked quietly for a few moments, and then reticently mounted our ponies.

On arriving at the place designated, we found the Osages in readiness, armed and painted. Two lances were stuck in the ground, ten paces apart, to mark the positions of the principals. "Texican," rifle in hand, walked calmly forward to the nearest one. In a few moments a tall young brave stepped from among the throng of savages, and stalked proudly up to the other. Herndon was then re-

quested to stand half way between them, and, in order not to disturb the accuracy of their aim, to stand only one pace back from the line of fire. He was to give the signal at the proper time. He accepted the appointment without a pang of trepidation. There was no danger of being hit by such marksmen as *they* were. In his right hand he held a gaudy scarf. When he raised it they were to aim, and when he dropped it they were to fire.

And then we waited for Black Dog, the chief of the clan. It was an impressive scene. "Texican" leaned his shaggy chin upon the muzzle of his long rifle, and with a gleam of malicious triumph, glared fiercely across at his foe. He felt sure of his prey, for his aim was death. The young Indian seemed to read his thoughts, but stood erect with a careless and stoical indifference, and gazed dreamily off to the southward where the long blue lines of timber were lost in the misty beauty of the horizon. There was a tinge of sadness in his eye. Was he thinking of the happy hunting grounds? The other four of us stood in a cluster, rifles in hand, a little to the left of our

champion, and narrowly watched all that transpired, for we were vigilantly on our guard against treachery.

Presently Black Dog emerged from a rude lodge near by, and clad in long robes of fur, moved with stately presence to the front line of his people. With a dignified wave of the hand, he signified his pleasure that the tragedy begin. Each principal examined the tube of his rifle, and nodded to Herndon. He raised the scarf quickly. They coolly took aim. He dropped the scarf. Two sharp reports rang out almost simultaneously. The young warrior sprang wildly into the air, flung his weapon fully twenty feet away, and dropped dead at his post. The bullet had crashed through his brain. "Texican" thudded the butt of his rifle on the turf, and gave vent to a hoarse, gutteral, choking, satirical, and half demoniac cry of triumph and revenge. Then he tried to steady himself with his weapon, but staggered blindly backward. Herndon and "Ohio" ran up and caught him in their arms. His red shirt rapidly de epened in hue, and a dreadful alarm seized us.

Still he laughed madly, and pointed to the motionless corpse of his adversary. We hurriedly gathered around him, and tenderly as children laid him down upon the soft green grass. Tearing open his shirt, we found a terrible wound in his left breast, in the region of the heart. None of us were surgeons. We could not mention in scientific terms just what particular veins and ligaments had been severed; but we knew by the location of the wound, and by his parched lips and glazing eye, that death was upon him.

"It 's all day with me, boys," he faintly said, for he grew wonderfully weaker every moment; "but I 've paid 'em magnificent for it. Give my rifle to Colton."

We bent over the poor fellow with words of sympathy and praise on our lips, and our enemies might have shot us all down without resistance. But it was of no use. His breath quickly came and went. "Water," at length, he groaned. We had none, and there was not a brook anywhere in the vicinity. An Indian girl comprehended what was wanted, and running to a tent, returned in a

moment with a skin-bag full. We placed the cooling fluid to the sufferer's burning lips, and he took a long draught. It choked him, and he vomited up a handful of bright crimson blood. We had seen too many men perish not to know by this that the hissing lead had pierced his vitals. He was bleeding internally. As soon as he could clear his throat to speak, he said feebly and almost breathlessly:

"Do n't you try to revenge me, boys. Honor bright. They 've done the fair thing with us. Promise to act the man with them. Cross the river to-day. Do n't forget — the — Texican!"

The last words were rendered almost unintelligible from the blood that began to gather in his throat. A film obscured his sight.

"Where are my friends?" he gasped piteously. "Do n't leave me to die alone, boys!" and he clutched at us nervously.

"We 're with you to the last, old fellow," exclaimed Colton, with emotion, turning his head away to hide the tears, and clasping the hand of the dying man. He may have been faint-hearted,

but we did not think so. Soon "Texican" groaned almost inaudibly, gasped in pain, a shudder passed over him, and he was dead.

Even the stony-hearted savages seemed touched by the distressing incidents of this sanguinary drama. Few of them could speak even broken English, but such as could, advanced towards us, and by the aid of signs, endeavoured to inform us that their champion *had expected to die*, and they urged that it would be fitting to entomb two such brave men together. We received their strangely chivalrous proposal in the spirit with which it was tendered. With their tomahawks they excavated a grave, and wrapping the combatants in the rich furs of the chieftain, we laid them down to rest side by side—friend and foe alike lamented. Then heaping a great pile of stones above them, to baffle the efforts of prowling wolves, we fired a volley in the air, and with heavy hearts departed. And there they slumber still. One died for his friends, and the other for the honor of his tribe. The wistful summer winds sigh a sad requiem above the spot of their long repose; the wild flowers

blossom in vernal profusion around it; and the showers of heaven impartially descend upon the soft verdure that greenly enshrines it.

## *BREVITIES.*

HEROES make magnificent boasts, and then fulfill them.

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MOST women wish they were men.

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FEMALE modesty is more often a veil to conceal blemishes than beauties.

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WE find friends in proportion as we are situated to serve them.

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THERE is nothing so grand as a truly great man.

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IT is when we are happiest that we look forward to the future with the most eager anticipations.

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THE way to win promotion is to deserve it, and then to demand it.

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A POET should aim at absolute perfection. He should write, not that men may tolerate, but that they may admire.